



Someone's going to hell...



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2008-02-06> 15:41:00

MOOD: 😞 resigned

MUSIC: Hole - Dying

...or Louisiana, whichever comes first.

It would appear not to be me, however.

Dad oughta be more careful with those smart remarks, sez me.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets.

Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.

40 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

February 6 2008, 22:46:31 UTC COLLAPSE

A city full of litter and hangovers. Possibly hell. Definitely Louisiana.



 [cvillette](#)

February 6 2008, 23:47:00 UTC COLLAPSE

G'luck. Dad's right, we should have been in front of this one. Still, you 'n' Duke keep him from biting anyone, okay?



 [trollcatz](#)

February 7 2008, 13:44:40 UTC COLLAPSE

Score: Dad-4, everybody else, negative a million.

I'd try to keep him from biting anybody, but I'd attract his attention by doing so, and when the *T. rex*

comes after you, the least that happens is you lose a limb. I think he's still cranky about the last one. Or possible there are lingering religious issues at play. Or maybe both.

(I'll take profile the boss for a thousand, Alex.)




 [cvillette](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:43:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And it's not as if it's their *fault* they didn't spot it last year, or the year before, or...however many you're up to.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:48:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's probably one of the things. *T. rex* will eat you even if you agree with his worldview, but this happened because There Is Not Full Disclosure, and that sticks in his saurian craw.

Which does not keep him from the periodic icy sentence. *T. rex* is in the mood for frozen food, it seems.




 [cvillette](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:53:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah.

I admit, I agree with him. This would be easier if we could just tell people. Or failing that, if we had a flashie thingy.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:01:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I was going to say, "What you mean, flashy thingie?" but you just distracted the crap out of me below.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:06:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's just a standard issue neuralyzer.

You won't feel a thing.

(Did you ever flashy-thing me? I ain't playing with you.)




 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:13:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, a *flashy thingie*! Got it.

Oh, look--car keys. I must go somewhere now.




 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:17:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I will be visiting the *other* kind of morgue.

(Huh. And tell Wonder Woman she owes *you* five bucks. Katrina wasn't the stressor. This goes further back.)




 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:22:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

hmm

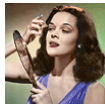
now torn btween o gud + o sht



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:34:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

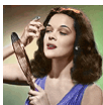
Go with Oh Shit. It matches any ensemble. It's perennially fashionable. And it's never wrong.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:38:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And five bucks barely covers the afternoon latte.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:57:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

All right, PatternBoy. Why is one a year enough for It? GO!

(What I'm saying is. that's anomalous. (You know what I mean.) Not enough hurt.)



 [cvillette](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:00:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's acting in some other way during the rest of the year.

...

...

Ack.



 [trollcatz](#)



[February 7 2008, 16:02:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...



...gooooood Coyote.

I'm putting Duke on it. (She says, as if she could order around the guy whose job grade is >>>>> hers.)

But he's papertrail guy. He'll find it.



L   [cvillette](#)
[February 7 2008, 16:04:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Religious obsession, acting out doctrine/dogma/metaphor, not necessarily murder. Murder might not fit the metaphor. Punishment/forgiveness of sin, repentance.

L   [trollcatz](#)
[February 7 2008, 16:07:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)



Dad just lit up like Christmas. Shouted, "Hairshirts!" like it was Eureka and *jumped over the desk*.

No, I am not kidding.



L   [ace_cub_reportr](#)
[February 7 2008, 16:07:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(She is not kidding.)

(Oh, this papertrail here? Yeah, I'll get back to you. Send coffee.)



L   [cvillette](#)
[February 7 2008, 16:08:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yes thank you yes send cake

L   [cvillette](#)
[February 7 2008, 16:07:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

NOT a priest. Someone serving a church as a layperson. Frustrated about inability to make people see.

Agh, wait, phone. I phone. (Accidental joke.) Ring ring.


  [trollcatz](#)
[February 7 2008, 02:06:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

This would be so much easier if I'd gotten more sleep last night.

Which goes for everyone else in this copshop, too.

Am *fantasizing* about motel room. And not in any exotic way, either.




 [cvillette](#)

[February 7 2008, 13:32:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Did you ever find a mundane bed? This is our punishment for staying up late on Tuesday.

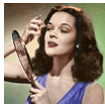


 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 13:40:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I was this far from lying down on the spare autopsy table in the morgue, but Duke was there and I was afraid the pictures would get back to the kitchenette. Or Jadis. Whatever her fantasies are, I don't want to feed them.

Still, it's not like there's a ticking clock on this one, except the 48-hour-murder-clock-as-made-famous-on-TV. (In some ways we're working this one like a straight homicide plus profile, plus cases of historical interest, which is interesting, but would be better with 90% more Jerry Orbach. Although he probably smells pretty bad by now, so maybe not.)



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:50:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Jadis's fantasies run more toward Jerry Orbach. You're still too warm for her.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:54:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

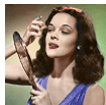
Hence, the morgue table.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:57:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Simulated death. It's like simulated sex. Okay only if you can't get the real stuff.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:58:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You sounded like me.

That scares me.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:55:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Staying up late on Tuesday just puts her on an equal footing with the locals. Generates fellow-feeling. (If SR won't, somebody's gotta. And they didn't take Wonder Woman along.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 15:58:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sleep in last 48 hours: <7 hours.

Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy do I let Chaz take me dancing on weekdays?



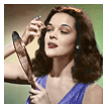
 [cvillette](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:00:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Because the clubs aren't crowded.

Also: Wonder Woman just complimented me on the green striped shirt. And Mom smiled at me when she walked past my desk.

I owe you ten bucks. Damn you.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:16:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Baby, that wasn't even gambling.

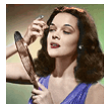
Not that I won't still take your money.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:18:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Make him eat something while you're at it.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 7 2008, 16:24:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I would say "Even now there is a burrito in my hand," but that would be showing off.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 8 2008, 00:04:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Just so you two know: that "Wonder Twin powers, activate!" thing you did there?

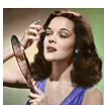
That is so getting you gold star and smiley face beside your names in Dad's grade book. *g*



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[February 8 2008, 02:07:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Just don't tell him about the thing with Gleek.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 8 2008, 04:21:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The space monkey is kinda the downside of that metaphor.



 [cvillette](#)


[February 8 2008, 02:08:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Wonder Twin?

Gleek?

Just don't tell him where we did it.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 8 2008, 04:19:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I tol' him it was The Phone.

But seriously, it's *Dad*. You have to assume he accepted that explanation because he's decided that it's an acceptable level of fiction. And that we're (relatively) responsible kids and won't say anything damning in a damnable venue.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 8 2008, 04:24:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And technically speaking, it was The Phone. It beeps at me when anybody comments.

[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets.](#)

[Puppets. Poppet](#)

[puppets. Scary.](#)